

109
T H E
P E A C E :
A
P O E M.

Most humbly Inscribed to the

Right Hon. the Earl of *Sandwich*, &c.

Quod spiro ————— *tuum est.* HOR.

By a Student of *Christ-Church* College, *Oxford*.



L O N D O N :
Printed for G. WOODFALL, at *Charing-Cross*.
(Price One Shilling.)

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THE PEACE:

POEM.

WELCOME, O Welcome, Thou Celestial Maid,
 To this calm Walk, and Thought-inspiring Shade,
 Here, unrestrain'd, whilst Fancy lov'd to stray,
 You often deign'd to dart the pointed Ray;
 O happily return'd to this Retreat,
 Here, ever henceforth, fix thy blissful Seat;
 And, whilst I string the long-neglected Lyre,
 Smile on the Lays your present Charms inspire.
Sandwich, to Thee the Muse this Tribute owes,
 Long may the Olive crown thy glorious Brows!

Still in thy Hands whilst *Europe's* Scales we see,
And jarring Kings refer their Claims to Thee.

BEGIN, my Muse, to Peace, the grateful Lay ;
'Twas on the Eve of that important Day
When ANSON, Viceroy of the wat'ry World, 15
To view his wide Domains his Sails unfurl'd,
(ANSON, whose Name is happy *Britain's* Boast,
The Dread and Wonder of each distant Coast,)
Invisible *Britannia's* Genius stood
Upon the Margin of his proper Flood, 20
Wishing kind Gales might soften ev'ry Pain,
Far as the Sea can roll, or *Britain* reign ;
The ready Fleet He views, with Prayer-full Eyes,
Then turns, and breathes an anxious Guardian's Sighs.
With melancholy musing Pace He treads 25
Along the Shore, as Chance his Footsteps leads ;
And deep absorb'd in Thought, his careful Breast
To the bright Queen of Peace He thus express :
" O ! where, celestial Fair-one, art Thou fled ?
" Why droops thy *Britain* her desponding Head ? 30
" Why must her Heroes tread the *Flandrian* Plain,
" Glit'ring in horrid Arms a hostile Train ?
" What

"What happy Climate does thy Care employ?
 "Thou Light of Life, and Soul of ev'ry Joy!
 "Joy, which with Thee acquires a brighter Flame, 35
 "Without Thee, drops its Being and its Name.
 "Where'er you went, still Spring appear'd around,
 "Where'er you trod new Flow'rs adorn'd the Ground;
 "Where'er you spoke new Melody was heard,
 "And when you smil'd a brighter Day appear'd. 40
 "Whose Tongue is Musick now? Whose Breath outvies
 "Ambrosia? And whose Cheek the *Tyrian* Dyes?
 "The fragrant Violet stole soft Perfume
 "From Thee, from Thee the Rose its pleasing Bloom.
 "By Thee the Earth its various Products yields, 45
 "By Thee the yellow Harvest loads the Fields;
 "By Thee the Lab'rer sings his Toil away,
 "And whistling Ploughmen charm the shorten'd Day;
 "By Thee Arts flourish, by thy grateful Reign
 "Trade bids her Canvas spread the spacious Main; 50
 "The Fruits of all are by each Clime possess'd,
 "The World unites, and all Mankind is bless'd.
 "Without thy Smile 'tis Winter all and Night;
 "With Thee all Seasons, and their Change, delight;

"Sweet

" Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet, 55
 " Which earliest Birds with Charms melodious greet, " 60
 " Pleasant the Sun, when on the Land He pours
 " His orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flow'rs, " 65
 " Glift'ning with Dew, the Earth sweet Odours yields
 " When gentle Show'rs revive the thirsty Fields; " 70
 " Sweet is the silent Night's alternate reign
 " With Moon and, Gems of Heav'n; her starry Train; " 75
 " But neither Breath of Morn, bright'ning the Heav'n
 " To which the Charm of earliest Birds is giv'n; " 80
 " Nor gayly-rising Sun, nor Herb, Fruit, Flow'rs
 " Glift'ning with Dew, nor Fragrance after Show'rs, " 85
 " Nor grateful Ev'ning mild, nor Night's still Shade
 " Nor pensive Walk along the Moon-Light Glade, " 90
 " Nor Heav'n's rich Canopy, with Stars beset
 " Innumerable, without Thee is sweet, " 95
 " Again, bright Queen, again, O! let this Isle
 " Feel thy blest Influence, and enjoy thy Smile, " 100
 " Nor let another Clime thy Presence boast,
 " Whilst hostile Fleets insult *Britannia's* Coast." " 105
 He said; and, turning, heav'd a mournful Sigh;
 Then melancholy sought his native Sky. " 110

YET long did cruel War with Streams of Blood
 Pollute the Plain, and stain the azure Flood;
 O! much too long *Britannia's* Ear has bore
 Harsh dying Groans, and thund'ring Cannon's Roar; 80
 Too long lamented with her anxious Lord
 The mournful Scene her daughter'd Sons afford:
 Pensive, both droop'd the melancholy Head,
 Embalming with their Tears th' illustrious Dead.

SO when the Pencil bids the Canvass shine, 85
 (Thy Work, O *Titian!* or *Apelles*, thine)
Adonis faints beneath the tusky Boar,
 All stain'd his lovely Thigh with Crimson Gore;
 The Queen of Beauty with dishevell'd Hair,
 And panting Breast, bewails her darling Care; 90
 (Whom can't the Tears of weeping Beauty move?
 Who can behold, nor feel the Pow'r of Love?
 Tender she weeps; but whilst she weeps, appears
 As if the Sun should rain, still bright in Tears.)
 Her Steps the mournful God of Love attends,
 And his own Grief with his sweet Mother's blends:
 An empty Quiver by his Side is hung,
 His Torch extinguish'd, and his Bow unstrung;

With

With downcast Eyes and solemn Pace He goes,
 And marks his Bosom with repeated Blows; 100
 With his bright Locks He wipes his Tear-full Eyes,
 Whilst his swell'd Lips send forth his sorrowing Sighs.

TOO long the Muse to *Sylvan* Scenes afar,
 And distant Shades has fled from Sounds of War;
 Averse to view the Martial *Flandrian* Plain, 105
 And frighten'd Streams flow bloody to the Main;
 Whilst the Foe learnt in *Dettingen's* fam'd Field,
Britons to none but *Britons* ever yield.

TO you ye Fair is all the Honour due,
 We fight, we conquer, or we die for you. 110
 When *Britain's* Fair-ones *Briton's* Hearts inspire,
 Deep falls the Sword, and fatal flies the Fire;
 Nor can a Foreign Realm our Arms subdue,
 Till it surmounts us in our Beauties too.
 In *English* Charms peculiar Power there lies, 115
 Their gen'rous Souls dart sparkling from their Eyes:
 Had fam'd *Achilles* in our Days been born,
Britannia's Fair the tim'rous Chief would scorn;

From

From Female Throngs the Trembler would expel,
And ne'er admit him, till he acted well.

Justly 'tis order'd by the Pow'rs above,
That they who bravely fight should happy love,
Alike in Love and War, who fear are lost,
They best succeed in both, who dare the most.

BEHOLD th' ambitious *Gaul* in Tears deplore 125

His vanquish'd Fleets, and now defenceless Shore,
For not enough remains to guard his Coasts
From the same conquer'd Navy *Britain* boasts;
Well won By *Anson*, *Warren*, *Hawke*; the Brave
Who grace the Honours their just Monarch gave.
And say, young Peer, whose long-extended Line,
Back to a Source is trac'd almost divine;
Proud of thy House, say which are truly Great,
They who inherit Honours, or create?
O! if thy Honours are debas'd by Thee;
Thy Title is thy splendid Infamy.
Alas! too oft it has been *Britain's* Curse,
From Sire to Son is but from bad to worse.

From Female Thongs the Triumpher would expel,
 SO pure the Stream first from its Fountain flows,
 And a new Heav'n its limpid Bosom shows;
 If rolling down, polluted Earth it lave,
 Thick and more thick appears the sully'd Wave,
 Clog'd with new Filth from ev'ry Vein it past,
 It blackens, stagnates, and grows Mud at last.

BEHOLD in ambitious Gales in Tears deplore
 NOW *Spain*, not daring waft her Treasures o'er,
 They sail securely to the *British* Shore,
Lima, preserv'd on *English* Coin its Name,
 Again spreads round the Globe the Conqueror's Fame,
 And let on other glorious Medals stand,
 With flaming Sword, the warlike *Cumberland*;
 One Side should shew his Laurel-circ'd Brow,
 On th' Adverse, *Sandwich* hold his Olive Bough.
Sandwich, who Peace to jarring Nations brings,
 And a young *Nestor* calms contending Kings,
 Pours healing Balm in bleeding *Europe's* Wounds,
 All Claims adjusts, and marks each Nation's Bounds.

SEE where the pious breathing Marbles tell
 The Chiefs, who bravely fought, and hapless fell;

And

(II)

And o'er our *Greenville's, Cornwall's* Tombs we know
Where to permit the Praise-full Tear to flow,
Pay the just Grief each sacred Image claims,
Whilst emulous Warmth our Patriot-Breasts inflames.
(So wept young *Ammon* in *Pelæides'* Tomb,
So from those Tears the World receiv'd its Doom.)
And you, O! ever-honour'd Shades receive
The Sigh which, 'midst the Joys of Peace, we give.
Such Honours *Britain* pays the Hero's Dust;
And when the Marbles moulder, Medals rust,
Our Hearts shall bear the Mem'ry of the Brave,
Till Time itself shall sink into the Grave.

THE subtle *Gaul*, by long Experience taught,
Vainly with Chiefs and Troops so brave he fought,
Too weak bewail'd his Pow'rs, and wisely knew,
He must divide us, or could ne'er subdue.
And ah! he found when Lordly Pow'r or Zeal,
Blind Zeal, could arm against the publick Weal:
(*Hardwicke* so plac'd above my tow'ring Lays,
'Twere to degrade thee, to attempt to praise;
Viceroy of Justice, Liberty's sure Guard,
How can a Nation freed, thy Toils reward?

Long ignorant and chain'd, the *Scot* by Thee, And o'er our
 Now smiles in almost *English* Liberty. Where to permit the
 Now stoops no more a Slave to lawless Might, Pay the just
 But if aright he thinks, dares act aright: While crumpled
 Ill wept the Conqueror of the Globe to find Young squaw
 One World subdued, no more remain'd behind, So from the
 To glorious *Hardwicke* greater Praise is due, And you, O!
 One Nation free, who freed another stor'd, The sigh which,
 See *William* flies the Torrent to oppose, Such Honours
 Comes, fees, and conquers his intestine Foes. When the
 ('Gainst *Britain* vainly would the World unite, Our Hearts
 If *Belham* counsel, and if *William* fight) The Time itself
 Our Peace secur'd, again his Arm's employ'd
 To give the World the Safety we enjoy'd. THE subtle

SO when on us the Sun has pour'd the Day, (The weak
 Further He spreads his Life-inspiring Ray, He must divide
 Illumines every Chime, nor tastes of Rest And all! he found
 Blesses the World, and by the World is blest. Blind Zeal,

HE goes, nor thinks of Dangers, nor of Toils, (Hardwicke to plac'd above my towing Lays)
 In ev'ry Vein the Love of Glory boils, Twere to be great

And Battles yet unfought his Breast dilate,
 Schemes on which hang all anxious *Europe's* Fate;
 Dreading his brave Resolves, th' ambitious *Gaul*
 Stops short, and wife prevents his threaten'd Fall;
 And sees, th' uplifted Thunder to restrain,
 Vast Wealth and Arms all consum'd in vain;
 Returns his Conquests, bids fell Discord cease,
 And to be safe, restores the World its Peace.

THE *Flandrian* blind no more with troubled Eyes
 Views in his Fields precarious Harveſts riſe;
 In vain kind *Suns* and ſoft deſcending *Rain*
 Thickens the *Mead*, and ſwell the ſpringing *Grain*;
 If the green *Valley*, and the yellow *Field*
 To Foes victorious muſt their Produce yield.
 But now the happy *Swains* tranſported view
 Fruſts all their own, and Harveſts wave anew.
 Again they bid the harmleſs *Cottage* riſe,
 Nor dread, ſecure from *Man*, the milder *Skies*.
 Diſcord and Tumult fly the tranquil *Plain*,
 Plenty returns, and all is Peace again.

SO when the Face of Day black Clouds deform,
 Affrighted Mortals view the gath'ring Storm,
 Loud-rolling Thunders rend their dreadful Way,
 And the fork'd Light'ning darts its blasting Ray;
 Its aged Head declines, the gnarled Oak, 225
 And Cloud-topt Turrets feel the Heav'n-sp'd Stroke.
 The trembling Traveller with uplifted Eyes
 Looks on the Storm, and as he looks he dies.
 Till thro' the horrid Gloom the bursting Rain
 Down-pouring in thick Torrents drowns the Plain. 230
 At length the parting Clouds unveil the Sky,
 Low Thunders roll, and feeble Light'nings fly;
 Till by Degrees a brighter Day we view,
 And all around calm Nature smiles anew.

NOW Peace arising from her Bed of Flow'rs, 235
 O'er all the Heavens a livelier Pleasure pours;
 Her joyful Eyes shone brighter than the Day,
 Sweetly she smil'd, and both the Worlds were gay.
 With ev'ry Art and Science in her Train,
 With easy Grace she trod the jocund Plain, 240

With her (my Fancy sees) Troops swarm the Field,
 In various Arts, and various Learning skill'd,
 Bards, Heroes, Patriots, all promiscuous come,
 The World's Delight, and Pride of ancient *Rome*,
 (*Rome*, which no more unrival'd gives to Fame 245
 Her *Virgil's*, *Tully's*, *Cato's* sacred Name;
 In *Littleton* we see them all combine,
 The Poet, Patriot, Orator, Divine,
 O! happy Genius, born with ev'ry Art
 To win the Judgment, or to charm the Heart, 250
 Nature, to shame the World in forming Thee,
 Us'd all her Skill, and shew'd what Man could be.)
 Nor absent They, who for their Country fought,
 War but the Means, but Peace the End they fought;
 Brave Men, their Birth whatever Kingdoms boast, 255
 Of ev'ry Nation some, of *Britain* most.

BRITAIN, which, hurt by no intestine Jar,
 Safe in her Seas, defies the World at War.
 Her Laws, her Manners, her Religion pure,
 Sacred her Friendship, and her Justice sure, 260
 Able to crush, yet studious how to save,
 All Fair her Daughters, and her Sons all Brave;

Gives

Gives Laws to Discord, where to rage or cease,
 And, Umpire of the World, directs its Peace;
 Humbles the Proud, and succours the Distress'd, 265
 And bids Ambition let all Nations rest.
 For if that glorious Vice, whose Pow'r alone
 The Great, the Brave, the Gen'rous Boloms own,
 Once wildly soar, within no Chain confin'd,
 How does it ravage, waste, and curse Mankind! 270
 Pleasing, like Fire, restrain'd in proper Bounds,
 Let loose it rages, and the World confounds.
 Then drive it, *Lewin*, from thy Breast away,
 Quench the vain Thirst of universal Sway;
 Like *GEORGE*, the World in social Fetters bind, 275
 And reign the second Patron of Mankind.

PEACE sweetly came, and by her grateful Pow'r
 Man was inspir'd with Life, unknown before.
 All Nature bloom'd, the Earth the Goddess knew,
 And various Sweets beneath her Footsteps grew.
 The Fields yield grateful Fragrance, ev'ry Flow'r
 And sweetly-scented Shrub, their Odours pour.
 The blest *Arabia's* far-fam'd spicy Coast,
 Less blest, less sweet, could ne'er such Perfumes boast,

As

As hither, on his odoriferous Wings,
 Zephyr, sweet Thief, from ravish'd Flow'rets brings
 P A L E Care is fled, and where her Olives grow
 Sweet Mirth and Pleasure smooth each easy Brow,
 Joy keener points the Fair-one's Sparkling Eyes,
 And Age is gay, and Youth grows early wise.
 The Beasts and Birds their Voices jointly raise
 Secure in grateful Ease, and speak her Praise.
 And by the gliding Stream supinely laid,
 I trifling sing beneath the verdant Shade,
 Pleas'd wheresoe'er I look to view around
 A brighter Lustre deck the various Ground.
 No more the unprun'd Vine offends the Eyes,
 Nor baneful Weeds with Flow'rs promiscuous rise:
 Here the fat Oxen crop the meadow'd Land,
 There waving Corn invites the Reaper's Hand.
 With sweet Variety view thro' these Shades
 Wide-spreading Lawns, and gaily op'ning Glades;
 Here from the tow'ring Mountain's woody Brow
 See Streams meandering in the Vale below;
 There the wild Heath, where Flocks innum'rous feed,
 And happy Shepherds tune the peaceful Reed;

(Ah! far less blest were feign'd *Arcadia's* Plains,
And far less fair its Nymphs, or true its Swains.)
The Hill, the Vale, the Stream, the Wood, the Plain
Speak Peace restor'd, and *GEORGE* still lives to reign. 310

T H E happy Soldier of the hostile Band,
Now first with Pleasure grasps a *Briton's* Hand,
Who smooths his rugged Front, bids Terror cease,
And friendly sounds the tuneful Words of Peace.
The glitt'ring Arms and Horrors of the Field 315
Now but conspire a greater Bliss to yield,
On these their thankful Eyes the *Gauls* employ,
And all that gave them Fear, now raise their Joy.
Whilst Chiefs united crown the social Bowl,
And pour forth all the friendly-meaning Soul. 320

W I T H worthy Pride the Veteran bares his Breast,
Deeply with many a glorious Scar imprest;
And casting on the Plain a parting View,
As to his Mistress, bids a last Adieu.
O! well return'd, enjoy calm peaceful Lives, 325
Press the fond Bosoms of your happy Wives,

Whilst

Whilst your young Progeny still wond'ring, pale,
With open Mouths devour the horrid Tale.

T O *Chloë's* Coyneſs now th' enamour'd Swain,
Attunes, and not in vain, his tender Strain. 330
(*Chloë*, to whom the Graces all their Charms,
Venus her Ceſt, and *Cupid* lends his Arms.)
Soft'ned ſhe feels his ſweetly-plaintive Lines;
So the Sun melts the Ice on which it ſhines.

NOW the gay Youth, their Arms all thrown away, 335
In various Paſtimes charm the fleeting Day;
Soon as *Aurora* leads the bright'ning Morn
Sleep hears, and flies the Hunter's ſprightly Horn:
Or where the Copſe the mett'l'd Spaniel tries,
The Woodcock, or the flutt'ring Pheasant riſe; 340
Or in the Mead, or Stubble Field below,
Their trembling Bird the ſtiff'ning Pointers ſhow.
The fraudulent Hook now cheats the limpid Flood,
(Device of treach'rous Man) the ſcaly Brood
Lur'd fondly to the lov'd fallacious Bait, 345
(So Beauty tempts) devour their cruel Fate.

O'ER th' illustrious Dead this loves to rove,
 Stealing whate'er can polish or improve,
 Tastes like the Bee all Honey-yielding Flow'rs,
 And from his Lip th' adopted Treasure pours. 350
 Vying with *Murray's* Voice of Eloquence,
 Or *Pitt*, whose ev'ry Word is gilded Sense.
 Thro' Clouds of Ignorance rising, like the Morn,
 Bright Learning shall again our Isle adorn,
 Light-beaming give a future Age to hope 355
A Locke, Boyle, Newton, Addison and Pope.

WITH Beauty by his Side that takes his Walk,
 And hears the hearty Laugh, the jocund Talk,
 The rustick Jest, the fragrant Kiss betray'd,
 Sweet-stol'n from the ~~eye~~ blushing rural Maid; 360
 Thro' the ripe Corn they stray, or Meadow green,
 Or where the smoothly-winding Stream is seen;
 Or where the still umbrageous Grot defeats,
 With unpierc'd Shade the sultry Noontide Heats.

ANOTHER blest with Taste, and with a Heart, 365
 New dresses Nature with her Handmaid Art:

Bids

Bids desert Wilds with borrow'd Beauties glow,
 And makes the barren Heath almost a Stow.
 All, as their Fancy leads, their Hearts employ ;
 Freedom and Peace make ev'ry Thing a Joy. 370

WHILST both the *Pelbams*, who with zealous Hearts
 Unite the Courtier's and the Patriot's Parts ;
 Guards of the Realm, and no less lov'd than great,
 With *Gower* and *Bedford*, Honours of the State,
 Still lab'ring strenuous for the Publick Weal, 375
 Deny themselves the Rest the People feel.

NO longer droops like fading Flow'rs the Fair,
 In pining Melancholy, and pale Care ;
 No Love-form'd Fears her peaceful Slumbers break,
 But brighter Roses damask in her Cheek, 380
 Safely return'd she views her Lover nigh,
 And a new Heav'n beams joyful in her Eye.
 Raptures like theirs no mortal Tongue can show,
 And only They who taste can truly know.
 Whilst Both return the Pleasures they receive, 385
 And feel an equal Joy with what They give.
 In Her, the loveliest Flow'r that Nature shows,
 Soft Beauty's Bloom celestial sweetly glows,

And

And o'er each Limb diffus'd proportion'd Grace,
 Harmoniously befits her heav'nly Face.
 On his dear Bosom sinks the melting Fair,
 And sweetly sighs the softest Murmurs there;
 And whilst her Lip its tender Musick pours,
 Breathes like the gentle South Wind o'er the Flow'rs.
 For, than that Lip to him less lovely shows, 395
 Bedeck'd with Morning-Dew, the new-blown Rose:
 The new-blown Rose bedeck'd with Morning-Dew,
 To Him, He'll own, is far less fragrant too.
 Imparadis'd within his Arms she lies,
 And hears the horrid Tale with pitying Sighs; 400
 Her anxious Heart with various Tumults beats,
 Whilst He each Toil and Hazard past repeats:
 Now 'Towns besieg'd He opens to her View,
 And now the well-fought Field He fights anew,
 Shews where He trod the Mine conceal'd below, 405
 Or when He flew, or where pursu'd the Foe.
 Here the victorious Standard first He plac'd,
 And there the Fire-mouth'd Cannon boldly fac'd;
 There *Cumberland* the *British* Thunder wields,
 There slays the Bold, there spares the Foe that yields. 410
(The

(The Tree still lives that in the Tempest bends,
 What stoops it spares, but what resists it rends,) 410
 Trembling she feels each Danger that He draws,
 And fondly looks ineffable Applause.

O! who would shun those glorious Perils there, 415
 When ev'ry *Mars* might meet his *Venus* here?

NOW will *Britannia's* Youth misjudging run
 To view the Realm their Ancestors had won.
 Fatally fond of their pernicious Friend,
 Their Manhoods there to lose, their Wealth to spend, 420
 In her soft Arts such pleasing Magick lies,
 In Peace she conquers, whom in War she flies.
 Whilst empty Coxcombs learn to dress and dance,
 The Dupes, and uncouth Apes of laughing *France*.

NOW Troops disbanded shall our Arts increase, 425
 Trade spread, and Buildings raise, the Works of Peace.
 Whilst *Chesterfield* (the Sun, whose Beams dispense
 Wit, Judgment, Learning, Honour, Eloquence,) 430
 Himself, their Ornament and Guard, shall smile
 On Arts, his Influence spreads around the Isle.

AND

AND *Sandwich* shall be ev'ry Muse's Choice,
 Or where they sweetly strike with tuneful Voice
 The Banks of *Cam*, or to the Silver *Thame*,
 Where *Isis* bends her marriageable Stream.
 Where I, of all her Sons the meanest, stand, 435
 And touch the conscious Lyre with trembling Hand;
 Too justly fearful, lest my Song disgrace
 The hallow'd Stream, and stain this sacred Place,
 And blest, whilst Others worthier wear the Bays,
 If *Sandwich* pardon, *Isis* own my Lays. 440

E I N I S.

